# *The Lass of Richmond Hill:*

To which are added,

## *A Drinking Song.*

## *The Haughs of Crumdel.*

## *Tom Bowling.*

Entered according to Order, 1779.

## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond hill there lives a lass,
more bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
and wanton thro' the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

## A DRINKING SONG.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl,
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild the soul
And life's an endless treasure.

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 46 AUG

Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires.

Rays divine their heat impart,
And kindling hope inspires.
Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest truth from sinking?
In magic grapes
Give app'ring shapes
To every girl we're drinking.

Here sweet benignity and love,
Shed their influence o'er us,
Gather all of life remove,
And leave us as they found us.
Tho my head may swim yet true,
Still to nature's feeling,
Peace and harmony swim there too,
And rock me while I'm reeling.
Then who'd be, &c.

On youth's soft beauty tender truth,
Her pensive lesson taught me
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wisdom wak'd and caught me.
A bargain then with love I knockt,
To hold the pleasing gipsey,
When wine to keep my bosom lockt,
But turn the key when tipsey.
Then who'd be, &c.

When time had 'swag'd my heated heart,
The grave boy blind and simple,
Forgot to cool one little part,
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple:
That part's enough of beauty's type,
To warm an honest fellow,
And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
It melts still when I'm mellow,
Then who'd be, &c.

---

## THE HAUGHS OF CRUMDEL.

AS I came in by Auchendown,
A little wee bit frae the town,
Unto the Highlands I was bound,
To view the Haughs of Crumdel,
Sing tanteradel, tantera el, tanteradel,
Unto the Highlands I was bound,
To view the Haughs of Crumdel.

I met a man in tartan trews,
I speer'd at him what was the news?
Says he, The Highland army rues,
That e'er they came to Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Lord Livingston rode from Inverness,
Our Highland lads for to distress,
And has brought us a into disgrace,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The English General he did say,
We'll give the Highland lads fair play,
We'll sound our trumpets, and give huzza,
And waken them at Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Says Livingston I hold it best,
To catch them lurking in their nest,
The Highland lads we will distress,
And hough them down at Crumdel, &c.

So they were in bed Sir every one,
When the English army on them came,
And a bloody battle soon began,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The English horse they were so rude,
They bath'd their hooves in Highland blood,
Our noble clans most firmly stood,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

But our noble clans they could not stay,
Out o'er the hills they ran away,
And sore they did lament the day,
That e'er they came to Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose I must not stay,
Wilt thou direct the nearest way,
For o'er the hills I'll go this day,
And see the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Alas! my Lord you are not strong,
You've scarcely got two thousand men,
There's twenty thousand on the plain,
Lies rank an file at Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Says great Montrose I will not stay,
So direct me to the nearest way,
For o'er the hills I'll go this day,
And see the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

They were at dinner ev'ry man,
When great Montrose upon them came,
And a second battle soon began
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The Grants M'Kenzies and M'Kay,
As soon as Montrose they did espy,
They stood and fought most manfully,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. Sing, &c.

The M'Donald's they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standards join,
Montoshes play'd a bonny game,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel Sing, &c.

The M'Phersons fought like lions bold,
M'Gregors none could them controul,
M'Lauchlans fought with valiant souls,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

M'Cleans, M'Douglas and M'Neils,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

The Royal Stewarts and Monroes,
So boldly as they fac'd their foes,
And brought them down with handy blows,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel, Sing, &c.

Out of twenty thousand English men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them they all were slain,
Upon the Haughs of Crumdel. Sing, &c.

## TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to;
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;

His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair,
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather;
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life had doff'd;
For tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

FINIS.